What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy?
H.Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.Per. My gratious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Perst*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkeley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?
H.Per. There standes the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lordes of *Yorke*, *Barkeley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, vvhich more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Ross. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Standes for my bounty: but vvho comes heere?
North. It is my Lord of *Barkeley*, as I guesse?
Barkeley. My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my answvere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,
And

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.
Barke. Mistake me not my Lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your Honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our natiue peace with selfe-borne Armes?
Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.
Bul. My gracious Vnckle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no Traitors vnckle; and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?
But more than why? Why haue they darde to march
So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Fryting her pale-facde Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Comst thou because th'annoynted King is hence?
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall bosome lyes his power:
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From foorth the ranckes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
Yorke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

Before